"Hello, Amelia.
I'm a Peter."

"This is
your dream,
so of course
that makes me
your Peter."

"What? Do
you expect me to
believe that?"

"That mustache of yours looks stupid."

"Humph, I don't like it, either. It's because you like your Uncle Anton's mustache that I, as your Peter, have a mustache like this, silly."

"Don't make me laugh. You're not at all like Uncle Anton. All of my other uncles think he's crazy and out of his mind, but I think Uncle Anton is the best person in the world."

"You're really cross today, Amelia. Did you do something and get in trouble again?"

"Mom says that no one will want to marry an unfeminine and rough girl like me. Not like I care, anyway."

"You're my Peter, right? Aren't you supposed to be useful? Liar."

"Silly. How many times have I told you? I'm not one of those fairies in stories that simply grants wishes. I'm your 'dream.'"

"My dream? Doesn't that mean you have to make my dream come true?"

"No, no, it's not quite like that."

"I show you your dream. The dream you want so much that you're always, always thinking of it ... even while you're sleeping. The dream you want **that** much."

"For example, the sky you want to fly freely in."

"Tch. I don't need you to see the sky! You are a liar after all."

"If you don't forget your dream even after we're separated, you'll surely be the first woman to fly."
"Really? I'll really become a pilot?"
"Oh ... but ... separated? Where are you going?"
"You said you were my Peter. You're not going to stay with me?"
"Peters are only allowed for children."

"When you start shedding your childhood to become an adult, we have to part."
"You know when you have to wake in the morning after a dream? It's like that."
"Then, am I going to forget about you? When I wake up, I forget my dreams more often than I remember them..."
"Ha ha... I don't know."
"...Don't make such a sad expression."
"Waking up after a good dream gives you a happy feeling, even if you don't remember the exact details."

"And ... even if you don't remember me at all, your dreams will still remain with you."

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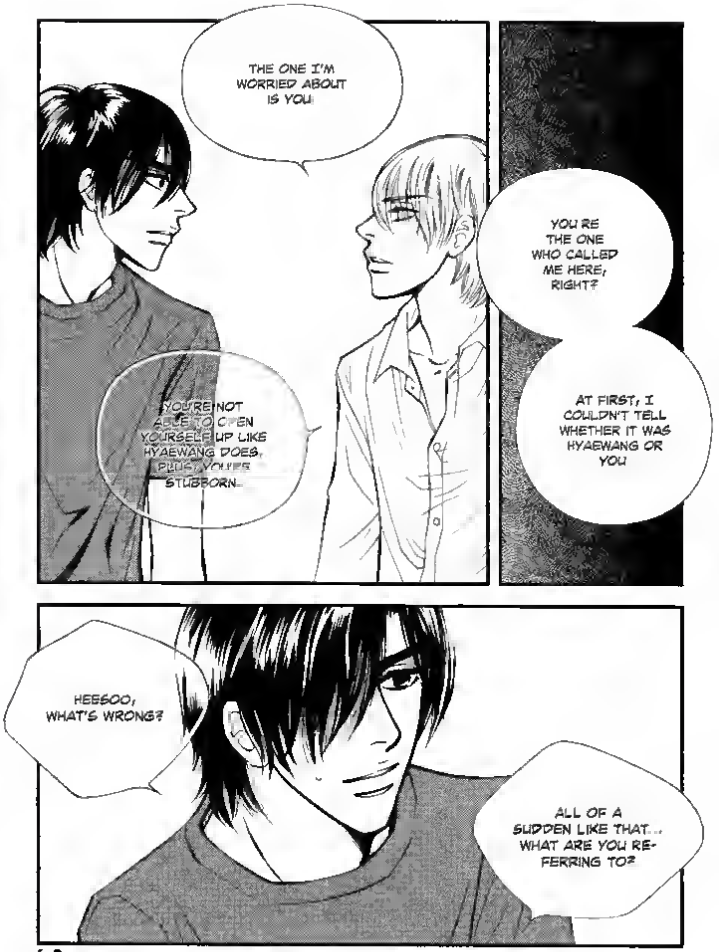
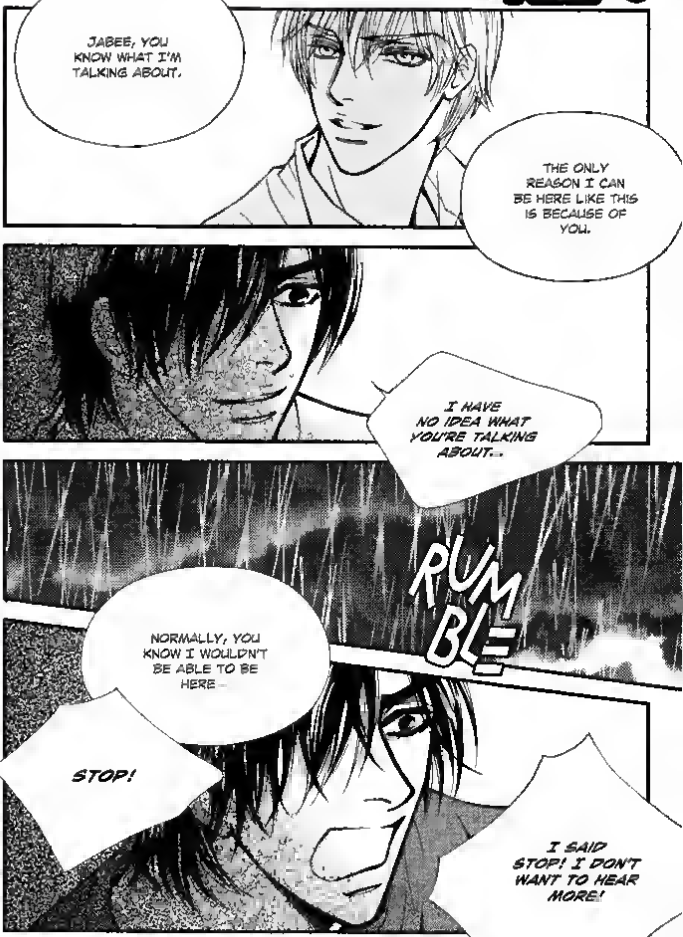
SHHAAAA
SHAA
YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT HYAEWANG, AM I RIGHT?

splash
splash
SQUEE
ZE
HMM.
THIS WON'T DO.
Let go, will you?!
Shake
Shake
WE SHOULDN'T BE OUT LIKE THIS.
APPARENTLY, THE POLLUTION IS SO BAD THESE DAYS, THE RAIN IS ACIDIC.

YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY.
HYAEWANG'S LIFE WILL BE GOOD BECAUSE HE'S A GOOD KID, WITH LOTS OF LOVE.
Put your head on or you'll go bald
AS UNHAPPY AS HE WAS UNTIL NOW, HIS HAPPINESS WILL BE EVEN GREATER THAN THAT.


THE ONE I'M WORRIED ABOUT IS YOU
YOU'RE NOT ABLE TO OPEN YOURSELF UP LIKE HYAEWANG DOES, PLUS, YOU'RE STUBBORN.
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO CALLED ME HERE, RIGHT?
AT FIRST, I COULDN'T TELL WHETHER IT WAS HYAEWANG OR YOU
HEESOO, WHAT'S WRONG?
ALL OF A SUDDEN LIKE THAT... WHAT ARE YOU REFERRING TO?


JABEE, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.
THE ONLY REASON I CAN BE HERE LIKE THIS IS BECAUSE OF YOU.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...
RUMBL
NORMALLY, YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO BE HERE—
STOP!
I SAID STOP! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR MORE!

RUMBLE
CRASH
YEAH
THAT DAY WAS LIKE THIS, TOO, WASN'T IT?
AH!
GAH!